
Title: Rainy Day Tales vol 3

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Rattling Bones

I, Gothmog, am writing
this as an experiment. I
am attempting to
understand what
satisfaction Galdor derives
from such endeavor.
Augrey and Celebrand

have forbidden him this
activity and a few others
as punishment.

Galdor is only one
hundred and eight years
old. By Elvish standards
he lacks maturity and
deprivation of his favorite

passtimes was deemed a
suitable discipline.

All the members of the
House of Idewild practice
some form of magic and
its misuse is a serious
matter.

The events which lead

up to the current state
of affairs is the subject
of this chronicle.

In imitation of Galdor I
will tell you that it is
late fall and the rain is
cold. The kind that gets
under your armor and

makes it impossible to
feel any warmth.

This is probably the
root cause of Galdor's
trouble. Being indoors for
long periods chafes his
adventurous nature.

The immediate cause of

his discomfiture was the
detonation of a mininova
firework over the

beehive while Scaley Bones
was harvesting honey.

Bones was wearing
chainmail as his wont,
While adequate protection

against large monsters
and brigands it was not
such good protection
against a swarm of angry
bees. Scaley was well and
truly stung. We nonhuman
members of the house
learned a great many

metaphors regarding
improbable sexual
activities that day from
Bone's swearing. We
ascertained that they
were improbable since
upon investigation we
found the anatomical

circumstances in question
were incompatible.

There appeared to be an
especially large number of
welts on Scaley's bald
head. It appeared that
there were more potent
stinging entities than

mere honeybees involved.

Celebrand was certain
that a spell called
Nature's Fury had been
invoked using the bee
attack as cover.

Retribution was swift
and Galdor was confined

to quarters except when
required to cook in
Scaley's place. His
discipline might have been
worse if had not
interceded on his behalf. I
knew that Galdor was
interested in a serving

maid at the Keg and
Anchor in Trinsic. He
informed Bones of his
intentions not knowing
that Scaley was fond of
her too. Bones hatched a
plot to cool Galdor's

amorous intentions.

He slipped a small
jellyfish from his fishing
net into Galdor's cod
piece before the elf
dressed for the evening.

Galdor was well and
truly stung. That is when
I learned that elves are

capable of emitting
screeches that are beyond
the range of human
hearing. The canine
population of the area
was distressed and the
noise attracted a Plague
Beast from the nearby

swamp. I was able to
dispatch the monster with
little trouble. Galdor was
able to magically repair
the damage to his pride
but was immediatly
suspicious of Scaley
because of the manner of

the attack.

I entered into a
discussion with Augrey
about Scaley trying to
ascertain why among us
Scaley's magic seems the
least developed.

Augrey's theory is that

Bones lacks subtlety. "He
treates magic like it was
a tool, little different
from an awl, pickaxe or
hammer. True power in
magic comes from
non-linear thinking. It is
as if mages think

the arcs of the eight
circles of power."

Augrey told me that
Bones journeyman project
was to end a small
drought. Mages cannot
effect the weather much,
the forces involved are

too great. However, some
local effects are possible.

He tried very hard but could do nothing. Finally, in frustration, he tried to increase the drought.

The resulting storms washed away several

houses on the opposite side of the river.

Accomplishing this task got him his journeyman status. Even though it was treated as something of a joke by his masters.

Scaley Bones never got over the perceived insult to his magical abilities.

After this his creativity began to pursue more practical applications. So magic became only one more tool in his chest.

His attack on Galdor demonstrated his directness. Galdor's response was more magelike, but easily detectable by other mages.

Because we were hiding

out from the cold, fall rains, I approached other members of the house about Scaley and his magical abilities. Waiting until Bones was asleep, as the result of a sleeping draught, Wulf

explained his theory on why Scaley was so sour about matters magical.

After becoming a journeyman mage he took up alchemy,

This was in line with his natural creativity.

Apparently he was doing rather well as an alchemist when he was approached by a woman seeking relief for her daughter's monthly

discomfort.

In his usually direct

manner he said something about "just the cramps".

The woman while not much of a potion maker was an accomplished mage. Scaley Bones spent the next week trapped in a female body along with

"just the cramps".

From this experience he developed an appreciation for his own lack of magical prowess and a great deal of sympathy for the female condition.

Wulf's contention is

that embarrassment from this affair is the root cause of Bone's disassociation from magic.

I may decide to agree with Wulf on this, Scaley has an overabundance of pride.

The others have no opinion on the matter.

So here we sit, less Bones and Galdor, of course, dry and warm, discussing the latest gossip from Trinsic.

Apparantly the serving

maid that started the whole situation in the House of Idewild has run off with Dreadbob the Pirate.

I hope she hates the cold, fall rain as much as we do and finds a much

warmer climate.

I began to appreciate what Galdor gets from writing. I may try it again ... sometime.